Braving the Unknown: Anticipating My Next Operation.

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In ninth grade, I underwent my third operation, but this time, my hospital stay was much shorter compared to my previous experience in seventh grade. I faced a recurring issue with bed sores. The wound from my previous operation in Hosur had failed, and after two years, it became completely open and infected.

I consulted with Dr. Sparsh, a consultant at a hospital in Bangalore. After scanning me, it was determined that I needed two operations since I had a bone infection as well. We were given one week to decide whether to proceed with the surgery. I had a deep fear of both the surgery itself and the injections. Ultimately, they decided to keep me in the hospital for 15 days. I was admitted and underwent various tests related to the operation. The following day, I was taken to the operating room, where I waited for about 30 minutes. I was conscious for a brief five minutes in the operating room before they administered anesthesia. The surgery took place at eight o'clock in the morning. After waking up, I found myself in the general ward, alongside my Appa, Amma, Prabu, and Shamala Akka, around 6 in the evening.

To everyone's surprise, during the operation, they discovered that there was no bone infection, so they decided to cancel the second operation. The 15-day hospital stay was reduced to just one week since only one operation was performed, and the money for the second operation was refunded.

I cried intensely during my injections in the general ward, and others thought I was being irrational. Three days before my discharge, I was able to switch from intravenous trips to taking tablets. The nurse struggled to find my veins, and I was in constant tears. They attempted to needle the nerves about 10-12 times, but it was unsuccessful. Upon witnessing this, a family friend’s uncle shouted at the nurse. Instead of an injection, they

opted to provide me with a tablet. My Appa did not insist on me taking the tablet since a week of tablet consumption was equivalent to two days of injections. Eventually, another nurse arrived and successfully found a perfect vein on the first try. It felt like a relief knowing that I would no longer have to endure injections, blood draws, or antibiotics.

Despite everything, I found solace in enjoying the food at the hospital, especially the coffee.

During my eleventh grade, I reflected on my experiences and realized that I hadn't been admitted to any hospital in the previous two years since my ninth-grade operation. At times, I even contemplated accumulating the days I had spent outside the hospital to compensate for a potential future hospitalization. Regardless of the circumstances, as long as my parents were by my side, I believed I could endure anything. However, I also carried a heavy burden, feeling like I was a significant burden to them. I doubted whether I deserved such caring parents, considering the challenges I brought upon them. It was always a difficult realization to grapple with.